Break of Dawn

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Summary

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Will found himself quickly pulled back into bed, wrists pinned by his sides as the young count moved closer to him once again, legs intertwined to keep him from leaving quite so soon after yet another blissfully heated exchange between them.

"How many times must I tell you to call me Hannibal, Will?"

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A Horny Hannigram Autumn Adventures 2023 bingo prompt fill for 'rainy days'.

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Will blushed at the name, the intimacy he dared indulge in only in the deep, dark safety of the night, whispered between them in the moments when they allowed themselves to be most vulnerable with each other.

Now, as the light of day reached them from afar, dimmed by heavy, grey clouds of gentle rain that tapped at the bedroom window, so did reality return to them, and the burden that came with it.

"It… it wouldn't be appropriate, sir…" Will replied softly, but found his attempts silenced by the pair of lips on his own, seeking to rekindle the spark of passion that had burned between them so brightly for many nights.

Still, no matter how much the young heir to the Lecter family tried, there was no way of entirely striking the conventions of their social hierarchy from the mind of the gamekeeper in his arms, equal to him in youth, beauty and wit, but not status.

"I… I would not dare misspeak in front of your family… It is not my place…"

"I would much prefer it to be entirely your place," Hannibal responded firmly, placing gentle kisses upon Will's neck and shoulder. "After all, you are the only person for miles around to whom I feel closer than even our almighty God…"

Will pressed his eyes shut, swallowing drily, trying to withstand the temptation Hannibal so freely offered, the blasphemy he so carelessly committed for him.

"How can you say such a thing, when the woman you are promised to-"

"If she really were of such great concern to you, you would not share my bed with me so enthusiastically, now, would you?" Hannibal sharply cut him off, accompanied by the soft growling of thunder in the distance. "And if she truly is the root of your worries, I shall let you know that I have come to find her own proclivity for companionship to be a mirror image of my own. There is no disillusionment between us in finding that our union will be for the sake of politics, rather than fulfilment, or even love. That, we agree to find elsewhere."

"Love…?"

Will felt his stomach twist at the word uttered between them, desperate hopes and daydreams taking a hold of his heart.

He had always dreaded the day of Hannibal's wedding, yet now he found himself mourning at the mere thought of seeing Hannibal bestow another man or woman with the same affection Will had always longed to find to solely be for him.

"Yes," Hannibal affirmed softly, his naked body warm and comfortable against Will's beneath the duvet, contrasting the chilly autumn morning, the cold rain and winds growing stronger just outside the bedroom window. "Why else would you believe I prefer to keep you here, rather than pushing you out of my bed and into that dreadful weather after I have had my share of enjoyment?"

To his bewilderment, it was Hannibal who now found himself pushed onto the bed, tearful blue eyes looking down at him.

"Count Lecter, if this is your idea of *entertainment*, wooing me to keep your bed warm, whispering the sweetest lies to me to keep me quiet and complacent-"

Will cut himself off, swallowing drily, trying not to sob or cry, yet he immediately found his tears to be caught by warm, gentle fingers, caressing his cheeks and cupping his face.

"I have never lied to you, Will, nor is it ever my intention to hurt you," Hannibal replied softly, seeking the other man's gaze. "I want you to be the one I share my life with. My deepest thoughts, my darkest secrets, the most intimate and vulnerable moments my mind and body can offer to you. And I hope, as I always do… that there will come a day when you no longer reject me…"

"I have never rejected you-... Not for the reasons you think-..." Will replied quietly, sobbing softly as Hannibal pulled him into his embrace. "I have always loved you, Hannibal-... always desired your heart and soul from the moment I first laid eyes on you-..."

Hannibal smiled with happiness and relief, gently pulling Will into a kiss so soft and tender, so longing and devoted he finally stopped crying, able to hold onto Hannibal more tightly now as well.

"I love you, Will… and if I ask you to stay… to forgo your duties today, and spend the day with me… right here, just like this, listening to the rain and each other's heartbeat…"

Will nodded softly, finding Hannibal's lips in another kiss, for the first time not thinking about the consequences of their secret rendezvous as he replied.

"Yes… Yes, I'll stay with you… always…"

Hannibal smiled breathlessly and closed his eyes, indulgently leaning his head back as he felt Will's lips on his neck, possessive and longing in their touch, his hands warm and strong as he took hold of Hannibal's hips, sliding between his thighs.

From now on, Hannibal would no longer care to keep his voice down at the touch of his lover, allowing an outlet to the heat and pleasure he felt, sinking his teeth and nails into Will's skin, making him his own.

Laughter spilled from his lips between kisses and moans as he heard the startled shriek of the maid that opened his bedroom door, only to find Hannibal already wide awake and buried beneath the frame of the handsome, beloved gamekeeper.

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